

proud. She ran to a neighbouring field and plucked a blue-bottle, which she placed in her hat, having first adroitly twisted the stalk round a small pebble.

It is easy to guess why this little cheat did so: by this stratagem the flower was heavier, and she might throw it the farther. The other young girls chose, without malice, the flowers they preferred. One brought a ranunculus

and

another a cowslip, and a third a lily of the valley. As for Elmina, she went into a little wood in search of an eglantine, which was a flower she loved best. She found a bush all in bloom, and for some reason or other the modest Elmina chose the lightest and the least.

The moment they threw up their flowers to see which would go the highest, a gentle zephyr arose, and waisted

B 2

the